Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull:
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted Skin contents the eye.
Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so this Gallant will command the sunne:

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where wee were Lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,

'Twere

'Twere good he weere school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
Imagine 'twere the righ *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing come to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waightie cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well
Right true it is your son *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him
Or both dissemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,